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FIRST FRUITS

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Vishwanath S. Bhandarkar.
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BY

MULJI DULLABHJI VED

1912

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Father ! Dear !
Thou gardner of my soul
In my vineyard these *first fruits* have grown.
I humbly lay them at thy feet
With a kiss.

Take them and give them all
In His name. Let all taste
Of these fruits. Those that
Will taste will have the angel's wings
And they will fly to Heaven with a flight.

Father dear ! the vineyard of thy Soul
With a generous father's plenty gifts
And a goodly mother's kindly care
Grew in thy village-clime
In simplicity, love and faith.

Thy simplicity is a simple grace ;
Thy love embraces homes and huts.
It holds birds, beasts, trees and all
As thy own.

Thy joy lies in feeding children with sweets,
Cattle with grass, trees with water
And with love and mite all that come to thee.
At all times and calls
Thy angelic smile and sunny spirit
Never fail.

Thy home is a temple sweet :
To thee thy home a kingdom is
Where thou rulest in love and servest with grace.
And thy soul by Immortal Vedant fed
As divine services daily duties takes.

These simplicity, faith and love
Thou gavest me in thy turn.
Thou planted my soul
In the soil of freedom and of faith.

Now that freedom embraces one and all.
It strives to make all true and free ;
And that faith grows wide as space,
Deep as sea, and like a mountain firm.
Like the tree of eternal Hopes it grows
Boundless into sphere and space.
The roots touch the deepest—darkest hells ;
And the top kisses the Heavens high.

v

The branches kiss the sun and moon
And make north and south and east and west
Gardens of eternal joy and peace—
Where the World will rest, play and grow—
Till men and women are angels true and free
Ready to love and serve
Till love grows endless and
Service embraces all.

Of these freedom and faith
I lessons learnt on thy knee.
And still thou teachest me these
With an angel's smile
And Heaven's grace.

In that smile and in that grace
These first fruits have grown.
I humbly lay them at thy feet.

FOREWORD

NATURE manifesteth itself in infinite names and forms. The music of the soul findeth expression in infinite energy and art. The *First Fruits* have been nourished by the Omniscient and the Omnipresent Energy in the vineyard of the soul. They have, therefore, their patent shape and sweetness. Let the children of Nature enjoy them in their native simplicity and inborn faith.

The book was printed for private circulation in 1903. Now it is offered to the public.

'LAXMI NIVAS'
Girgam Back Road
BOMBAY,
12th August, 1912.

M. D. VED.

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OUR LIFE.

I.

STRANGE pow'rs possess ye dreams to poison sleep ;
Of healthy balm ye poisonous potion make.
Ye sting like snakes ; ye come like sudden woes ;
Ye come and go ; ye go and come at whims.
Strange power ye ! at times but seeming friend—
A foe in guise but still most forward foe.
Dreams wherefrom ye come ? Why for ye haunt
The sleeping man seeking rest in sleep ?
Ye haunting ghost ! ye mental malady !
Ye freezing frost ! ye killing plague, Oh you
That bring before the page of mind, those thoughts
That entrance find by hook or crook in homes
Of our hearts, that in a twinkling raise
Us to the regions of imag'nary hell,
Or of heaven false, to hurl us down
From a prec'pice high and leave stout hearts

With broken hearts, and broken bones to boot:
I fain would be a fool and opiates take,
Than leave my mind a prey to airy whims.

II.

Sleep thou Nature's balm, thou rest by right—
O dose for rest for sinking souls, Oh why
Art thou, say so unkind to me sweet rest?
Fancy right or wrong
The inmate of my heart, by day and night
Drives thee away, my rest—my joy—my bliss
Denying to me that rest—that's meant for all.
Dreams! Dreams!
Haunting ghosts,
Come not near my sight,
Let me enjoy my right,
No more haunt my mind,
Rest—peace and joy let me find—
Oh sleep let me find in thee.
Shifting substance,
Shadows false,
Vagaries vain,
In Satan's train—
Dreams! Dreams!
No more—no more

Haunt my mind ;
Let me have peace and joy—
My rest that's mine by right.

III.

Aimless shafts,
Satan's craft,
Shadow passing,
Dusty storms,
Whirlwind hissing,
False—false and no forms,
Have truce with me,
And no more haunt my mind.

IV.

Wrong within wrong,
Foe within foe,
Woe within woe,
Yet a mere show,—
Show and substance none.

V.

By day we have
One and many woes
And have no strength
To suffer them in sleep.

Why then torment,
Unhappy mind without a friend ?
What's our waking by day if not a dream,
A passing shadow—form and substance none.
Our day,
In sooth I say,
Is worse than sleep,
Where again,
We are in dreams,
And us do haunt—
False desires—false wants.

VI.

By day we are in dreams,
Struck by van'ties—whims,
Folly and pride,
Anger and lust,
Greed and thirst,—
All shafts from Satan's bow.

VII.

By day we are in dreams.
Dried are consciences' streams.
Vagaries—fool'ries,
Colors and forms

Haunt our mind ;
And the inner man,
In full potency
Of pride and gluttony,
Lewdness—lust,
Sees the Shadow—blind to substance true.

VIII.

By day we are in dreams,
In sleep haunt us the dreams,
Dreaming by night,
Dreaming by day,
We dream and dream,
When we wake we our folly see.

IX.

In such day dreams,
In such night dreams,
I would I sleep
Far from the drum of dreams,—
Imaginary streams
That tempt, but cannot quench the thirst.

X.

What is the world,
If not a dream,

A dream and it is not ;
'Tis not and is a dream,
Day and night,
Night and day,
Dreams go and stay,
Are again out of sight—out of mind.

XI.

What seems like truth just now,
Next moment is a dream ;
'Tis not and still doth seem ;
It seemed and seemed unseen.
Ere while a heaven,
Is just a hell ;
Ere now a king,
Is now no more.
Phantoms in our mind,
In a train do rise ;
Rise and are no more.
Like the morning frost,
One is not what one seemed now,
Such is our life.

XII.

Such is our life—
A dream by day,

A dream by night,
A war—a struggle—a strife,
Where we see the false as right.

XIII.

Our eyes delude us,
And create a fuss,
Much ado about naught,
Where shadows vain are sought,—
Are sought—are sought uncaught ;
Our eyes are dazzled,
And leave us puzzled ;
Down and down the deep,
We fall, and die in dreams.

XIV.

We dream and ope our eyes,
Still the shadow cries,
We are cheated twice,
Shadow—shadow,
Substance none,
Dreams after dreams,
Dreams with open eyes ;
Such is our life—

A struggle—a strife,
A goalless race—no rest.

XV.

We are blind with open eyes,
And heart's hell seems paradise ;
Deluded by the Satan's voice,
Unmindfull of the inner sighs,
Down and down we go—
Seeking home in hell.

XVI.

Voices from the inane,
Making us insane,
Come out from our mind,
Making us blind ;
And there is the strife ;
Yet all is a dream !

XVII.

Heaven and hell,
Unseeming sight and spell,
Laughter—bliss and joy,
Cries, tears. and woes,

Sweet friends and bitter foes,
Come out from our mind,
All similar in kind—
Our creations ghosts,
In dream like day,
And at night in dreams.

XVIII.

Such is our life—
A dream by day,
A dream by night,
A war—a struggle—a strife,
Where we see the false as right.

XIX.

This life is but a dream,
A vain waterless stream,
We dream with open eyes,
Our virtues become vice,
Still we say we do not dream,
But what we see is right!

XX.

An utter dream, a dream,
This life is but a dream,

He dreams who says he doth not dream,
But he is up who says he doth but dream.
For life is but a dream,
A dream and nothing else ;
It is and it is not,
Vanishes like the morning frost,
At the sight of light,—
Stainless light of the sun.
Still here a saint,
Senses' master he,
Wakes in consciousness,
When others slumber—sleep,
When others do dream in sleep,
When others are in day-dreams,
He dreams not—he sleeps not ;
He alone is up and doing :
He alone awake.

XXI.

Our life is but a dream,
He dreams who says he doth not dream,
But he wakes who says ' this is a dream,
A dream and nothing else.'

TO THE SOUL OF MY GRANDMOTHER.

GRANDMOTHER mine,
May God give peace
To thy soul above,
For on the earth it was all peace and love.

I know how on thy lap
I, a boy of years five
Learnt lessons first from thee
Of love, peace and piety.

You talked to me of Prehalad's piety,
You talked to me of Dhruva's might,
You talked to me of Krishna's light,
You told the story of Rama to me.
You filled the little cup
Of my heart with nectar rare.

You taught me in gentle accents
That the world is frail,
And frail are worldly hopes;
It is a bed of joy and woe,
Of worthless gain and loss.

You laughed when others cried,
You wept when others laughed;
You well knew the fleeting show,
And on the stage you acted well your part.

You told me not to laugh and weep
At joy and woe, at gain and loss.
For oft you said "Those that laugh
Weep the more."

Broken is the cage that held—
Held thy lovely soul,
Unheld here by desires, by knowledge fed
It has reached its goal.

I weep not thy loss,
For thou had'st taught me not to weep.

In words sublime and true—
" There's no death ;
The soul never dies."

Thy soul is now one with Him,
Already free
It needs no *shraaha*,
Yet I shall pour and offer
Water of love, *pind's* of good acts
For thy sake, for my soul
To be there where thou now art
Never to be born again.

GENIUS.

A GENIUS like unto a bee
Is first to charms of Nature see,
And its honey drink.

He charms of Nature first enjoys,
Minerva him in heavens buoys—
He, connective link

Stands between Heaven and Earth,
Enjoying but the balmy mirth
Of supreme—sublime things,

Unassisted in Heaven flies,
In ethereal pleasures hours guiles,
Soaring on his wings,

And the common in their turn
Higher truths from him do learn,
Things enjoyed by him.

A genius is a bird of skies,
Stops not on earth, in Heaven flies,
Led by mystic beam.

While all in world do actors seem
Parts acting theirs with all the zeal,
He stands as spectator—

Untainted by the world he stands,
Like sun from far he lustre lends,
Illuminating factor.

Himself self-shining, brightens all
Guided by inspired call,
He in air doth fly.

The lovely Jungle is his haunt,
Ethereal joys by him are sought,
He a bird of sky.

UNION EVERYWHERE.

UP and down, right and left,
In nook and corner of the earth,
Creation's charms or human art,
(Without exception one and all),
When I do view and think of them
A thought doth strike me with full force
The truth of which I plainly see,
That nought can itself manifest
Without union, on face of earth.
Union therefore is Heaven's law,
The wish of God for good of all ;
Unite, unite, O men,
Let single self with all unite ;
Thus human souls all uniting,
Will make the Universal Soul.

PHILOSOPHY OF YOUNG CAILDREN'S HEARTS.

SWEET children in your very smile,
There is some sanctity,
That ignorance is bliss alone
The truth in you I see.

Incarnate Innocence you are,
You are emblems of truth,
You Divinity are on earth,
Sweet angels you in sooth.

Your causeless clappings of the hands,
Your causeless smile and dance,
Unconscious spontaneous music,
And yea, your souls in trance,

Your love for all, your hate for none,
Your joy for sake of joy,
And all the things that saints wish for,
Sweet angels, you enjoy

Can teach e'en all men of the world
Truths of higher kind
Than they in sages—they in saints,
Or in orators find.

Canst thou, pretending moralist,
Or dreaming idealist,
Canst thou reformer in mere lips,
Or godless spir'tualist,

Give more sublime and higher truths
Than children young impart,
Untained by the world who live,
Though in, who are apart?

To me they are but living books,
And friends innocent—yea,
Sweet silent musicians they are,
Mute poets oh! are they

Who, intent on pleasing themselves,
Can please others and preach,
Without e'en words, without e'en deeds,
Who higher truths can teach?

THE OMNIPRESENT.

A PSALM.

I HEAR Thy voice, God, everywhere :
I hear it in the heavens high ;
I hear it on the earth below ;
I hear it from below the earth.
I hear it in the towns ;
I hear it in the woods ;
I hear it in the cuckoo's song ;
I hear it in the lion's roar ;
I hear it in the peace-chant ;
I hear it in the cannon's boom ;
I hear it in my heart ;—
I hear it in the hearts of all ;
I hear one voice—one God.
One and all I love,
For I love Thee, my Lord,
And Thou art everywhere.

SUNFLOWER.

SUNFLOWER ye, ye photo true
Of sun on earth, that have his disc
His rays, his tinge and e'en can look
That sun in face, I gaze at ye
And console self, for can't I look
As none but ye, the sun in face!

EFFICACY OF STRENGH.

ABUSE not the environments,
Abuse not the times ;
You can create your environments,
You can create your times.
Let the air be foul and filth prevails,
And many a malady in their train ;

Let the body be weak, and pain prevails.
And many a disease come and kill.
Let the mind be weak,
Like the form,
And many a storm,
Will pull it down
With utmost pain and woe.

Be bold, be brave,
And God will save
All the sinking souls.
Be bold, be brave,
Be truthful—wise ;
Where virtues stand vices dare not come.

Fret not with your friends,
Blame them not,
Rise and raise,
With nectar in your speech,
And your acts as soothing balms.
If we have strength,
Foes become friends,
And vices virtues be.

Blame not—slumber not—
Abuse not—weep not,—
Be up—be doing—
From good to better—better to best—
Through the test
You can go with ease,
If you gather strength.

Then you your surroundings mend,
Then you change your times;
You rise and raise;
You rise to others raise.
That is health—that is strength,
May God give us that.

PHILOSOPHY OF BENEVOLENCE.

THE rivers flow for others' good,
The fruits come out to others feed,
The flowers bloom to others please.
The trees to profit others grow.
The cuckoo sings to others charm,
So sings the lark—so shine the stars;
The earth yields gold for others' good;
The earth yields drink for others' thirst.
See! shines the moon for others' good;
See! shines the sun to brighten rest.
Ha! air is breath so wind doth blow;
Ha! heat is life so fire burns.
Nothing lives for self; then why should I
Live for myself and not for others' good?

PRAYERS.

A PSALM.

TEACH me, O God, one single Faith,
That shall not fade, that shall not fly
That like a beacon light shall draw—
Draw me to kiss thee, Lord.

Teach me, O God, absolute truth;
Teach me, O God, absolute good;
Teach me, O God, absolute right;
Give me celestial sight.

Thou art the truth;
Thou art the good;
Thou art the Right;
Pray be my sight.
And in my sight, my God, my Love,
Show me Thy sweet face;

Which having seen
I shall naught see—

Shall cease to be—
Being one with Thee.
The seer and seen shall be one
My God—my Lord—my Love.

TO THE FULL MOON.

THOU loveliest lady on the mightiest throne
Lovelier still in thy vesture dark
Set here—there—everywhere with golden stars,
Thou art beauty real—ideal—sweet,
That sweetens—beautifies things one and all
By thy un'versal glance.

Hail ! lovely lady on the mightiest throne,
Hail ! lovely lady in beauty peerless ;
Hail ! un'versal charmer, mightiest of the fair,
The lovely lilies in resplendent lakes
Ope at thy glance ambitious of a kiss ;
The mighty sea enraptured by thee,
Singing thy praise proceeds to embrace thee,
But thou stationed so high, oh lovely fair,
Seemst vowed to eternal virginhood, sweet maid,
For yieldst to no embrace, courted by all.

Hail ! lovely lady, ideal beauty, hail !
Hail to my Beatrice, stationed in the skies;
Hail to my heavenly love that
Leads my climbing thoughts up and up
Till they the heavens kiss. Hail ! Hail ! to thee,
Hail ! Hail !

IN TUNE WITH THE INFINITE.

IN my garden cuckoos coo,
In my garden parrots chirp;
Sweet notes of nightingales I hear,
I hear the singing of the birds,—
I hear the song—I myself sing.
All Nature seems in real tune
With the Infinite; and I,
The chorus join and tune the string
Of my heart, with the Infinite.
When the harp is in tune, I do
Forget myself,
For all are *Self*,—
All are one.
We are strings,
On Nature's harp.
Be in tune,
Tune the harp,
And make one music one and all
That parts may seem one whole,
As they all are one.

MAGNET IN THE BEAUTIFUL.

BLOOM ! Bloom ! little bud
Full-grown flower be ;
If all the bees on earth are dead,
Bees from skies shall come to thee.

AN OUTBURST OF INBORN IMPRESSIONS.

O HOPE—vain hope—vain love for world,
Fly oft, get off, leave off, I say,
My heart, and to others repair
Who stand to court—to welcome thee
With folded hands and heads bowed down.
Am not a man whom name and fame,
A sound, a smoke will hold to world.
No fool am I to take the means,
What's termed position by vain world,
As end, sole end of life's sojourn.
'Tis cab—an instrument to me—
A mere means and means alone,—
A vehicle and not the goal.
I better may to forest go,
To bloom unseen—untainted blush,
Than live in world as coin that's false,
Where have to do what suits me not.
I feel this, but in full force feel;
Have learnt to fly—to live in air;
To roam in skies, in ether live;

To soar and move above this world ;
Am full-fledged bird to fly at will.
But oh ! alas ! am put in cage,
By merit which has not grown full.
I quiver when the thought strikes me,—
I quiver, cry and even weep,
And smile once more and all am joy,—
A joy that leads me higher still.

KISS ONLY ONE.

MANY a rose,
Quite close,
In the garden smiles.

The passer by
To them goes nigh,
His heart is full of joy.

Yet, he kisses none
Save that one
That the Gardener gives.

MY ONLY PRIDE.

A PSALM.

ALL my pride and all boast,
Has given way before Thee, God.
As when sun shines trees shake of frost;
My one pride—my one boast rests
With thee, my Lord.
Thou art my pride,
Thou art my boast,
Pray be by my side,
In my sight and in my mind.
Come dwell in my heart,
Pay my loss with costs,—
The costs which only thou can pay,
Pay me the costs my Pride I pray.
In Thy justice I pride,
God's justice is my pride;
O my Pride pray be by my side,
Let me grow one with Thee.

VEDANT SONG.

PHENOMENON is a name,
O Noumenon is the truth.
The engine moves as steam is life,
Can but for steam the engine move?
O made of clay can we be men?
O clay is clay—the soul is man—
The man is soul—and soul the God,
So soul the man—and all else name.
All else is name; man thou art soul—
O thou art soul, the stainless light.
Remove the screen and thou art there
In thine own light, one with God.
The shadow but bespeaks the thing,
The ray of sun is one with sun,
Thou one from God art thyself God,
For counterpart is one with whole—
And thou from God art thyself God.

WISHES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

MAY New Year this, Friend, bring to thee more light,
Still bettering conscience, purer mind serene,
Still greater piety and still better heart.
Be fettered more, my friend, by chains of Love
Unselfish, noble, pure, holy and true,
For human love is but a stepping stone
To love divine that's bliss. Friend, live for this.
Let something further than this physical world
Thy mind pursue. Beyond this mortal flesh
Rests the Immortal. Friend seek that—search that,
That's bliss. The wheel of time eternal flies,
It ceases not. Mark thou it shall catch thee
Unless thou soarest above all worldly things,
And seek'st commune with That beyond all time.
May thou this see, may we two grow in one.
May thou have peace, happiness, joy. Be true.
Yet one earthly wish, not for myself,
But for our motherland still growing poor.

May Indra be kind ; may vanish foe of plague ;
May health, happiness, love, sympathy reign ;
May seeds of union which is strength be sown
To get what we had once—the glorious past.

RISE AND FALL.

WE are bubbles on the Infinite,
Eternal-everflowing ocean of life.
We dance and fall, we fall and dance to rise
Again. Blind to the core we mock our source
We mock ourselves with egoistic pride,
Not knowing our Self—
Not knowing our selves.
A drop in ocean we the ocean mock,
Not knowing what we are,
Wherefrom we come, where do we go;
Such a show
In our folly—in our pride we make.

Screened is our vision,
Blinded is our reason,
By ego, the phantom
Of our creation.
Thus issue forth all rise and fall,
All joys and woes,
Births and deaths,
All foolish shows,

These one and thousand pains,
That keep us out of our path,
And wander we to sleep and rise—
To rise and sleep, and still the path pursue.

We think we are the forms and not the life;
We change and weep; we change and laugh;
We roll and run, and utter thousand things.
In madness foolish—fast.

Springs thus the bitter war of life and death;
In the maze of world,
Out of our path we roam,
Forgetting our home,—
Forgetting our source. What a fall!

WE BOASTERS ALL DO BOASTING DIE.

WE know not why we on this earth,
We know not when we it will leave,
We know not what will us befall
Next year, hour, second, friend.
Our *Karmic* forces of past life
Unconsciously present one guide.
What was it oh? We can not know.
What will be next? We can't it grasp.
We boasting fellows know not aught,
We know not aught, we too much boast.
We live in boasts—we live on them,
We boasters all do boasting die.
Thus dupes of our lower selves,
Neglecting our higher selves,
We our lives do pass and end.

ROSE.

SWEET scented smiling Rose,
Celestial boon, gift divine,
What height of beauty thou art yea,
Outshadow'st e'en young damsel's cheeks ;
Store of tenderness, lovelist thing,
Rare union of beauty and smell.
Can ever most triumphant art
Man'facture beauty like thee, Rose ?

TO THE SEA IN EBB.

UP, up, O deep,
Up, answer my command,
Let thy billows dance,
High and low—up and down,
And raise my soul to trance,

Sing to me sweet lullabies,
That forgetting my cries,
On thy sandy shore I may be lulled to sleep.
In spirit, high and true
Run panting to the coast,
And on the shore throw out thy foams;
Don't silent be; don't idle lie,
Be in cheer; smile and dance
That lost in thy charms
I may write a lay.
Come come, be up, come answer my command;
Waft on coast conches—shells,

Unbought beauties rare,
Unrivalled they by human art,
Samples of Nature's supremacy.

Come, rise and raise a thrill of joy
In me, as I stand by thee.
What ! Have I cried to purpose none,
Deaf ear doth lend to my command,
Which a demand like a prayer.

But oh ! the sky is dark ;
In darker clouds the moon has lost herself ;
Deep, gone is thy charmer,
Absent is thy love.
In this pain thou liest morose and calm,
Sickly and silent.
So vain so vain, are my commands though strong,
For who save love can please the lover most.

LOTUS.

ARDENT lover of the moon,
Nature's beauty's height on earth,
That outshadow'st young damsels' eyes—
Eyes that by arrows wound our hearts,
Thou art Cupid's arrow sharp,
As thy sight
Wounds my heart,
Bringing to my mind my love
That I have left at home.
Thank thee! thank thee!
Tiny—soft yet cruel,
For in thy cruel blows,
I remember her
Who has possessed my heart,
Is my part—is my second self.

GONE, GONE FOR EVER.

GONE ! gone ! is that blissful time,
For ever for ever, never never to return,
Those days of innocence and bliss,
When I a child,
Now laughed now cried,
Sucked my mother's teat
And like an angel smiled,

Without a want,
Without a woe,
Without a greed,
Without a thirst,
Without all that mar the world,
I looked on all in equal light.

I ran after venomous snakes,
And in my hands they played
Like bauble ones ;
They forgot their venom
As I had in me none.

All were then my friends,
I had no foes;
Now foeless I see many a foe
In so many a vice,
That every minute rise
In the world, deadly drunk,
Nursed by folly, nursed by pride.

Then innocence was bliss;
Now the knowledge false
Of things false,
Is a constant foe,
Source of many a unknown woe.

As advance we in age,
Still harder grows our task,
The world is mad with rage,
Wherein we have to play our part

I fain would be a child again;
But the wish—but O the wish
Is father to the thought,
And I am child no more
And can not be—O can not be,
At any time, in time to come. Alas!

LOVE.

HUMAN heart is frail ;
But where love dwellest therefrom frailty flies.
It is a spark once kindled here,
Kindles there,
And goes on kindling
Till it consumes,
The two hearts,
In consummation this, they two growing one,
Finding love everywhere,
Love within, love without.

TO THE KING-EMPEROR.

KNOW Edward King-Emperor,
Thy crown of Kohinoor,
Which adorns thy head,
Is a crown of thorns.

Thou art a mighty King,
By right divine,
So thou must shine
As a divine, in thy office great.

Emblem of awe and love,
Be awe and love,
That those who love thee not
May love, and those who love may love thee more.
On thy jewelled throne,
Shine like a jewel rare;
Make darkness bright,
With truth as thy eyes, and valour as thy arms;
Reign here, a king of kings.
King by celestial right,
May thou have celestial sight,

That in that light, thou may make
Our right—our might.

From thy land ring out the false,
In thy land ring in the right ;
Peace and good will—good will and peace,
Let be thy regime's only mite.

May thou live long,
Live for thy land,
That on the sand
Of time, footprints thine,
May be for ages read,
And those who read,
May say, " Here was a King,

Here was a man."
Let such words ring,
From thy friends, from thy foes.

In thy time let India rise,
Let her be thy main concern ;
Let black and white, let white and black
Meet as brothers.

May Gladstones thy reign adorn,
May Tennysons thy court ;

May love and peace—peace and good will
Be thy goal ; here thy trust.
May from the heavens thy mother smile
Smile and say " This is my son in soul
and blood.

TIME-PIECE.

Little living time-piece,
Triumph true of human art,
To me thou art,
Though a tiny thing, a teacher great.

Working by day, working by night,
Working now as ever,
As emblem true standst thou
Of etern'ty of Time.

The parts of time,
Small and great,
The second—minute and the hour
Which have the common unity
Of time underlying the three,
To me an idea doth give
Of underlying unity
Of soul, in all mainfested forms,
And that behind phenomenon,
Grand truth of Noumenon lies.

TO MY DEAREST.

Dearest,
Love knows no frailty,
And we are bound
In mind and mind—in soul and soul,—
Two parts of one whole
Are one whole again.
You live in me, I live in you ;
We forever partners are,
Come joy—come woe.

I rise and you must rise,
You rise, I rise with you ;
I fall with you, you fall with me,
Where we are, we must be two.

We shan't fall back,
But onwards march—
Together march,
For our good, for country's good—
For the good of world.

We will live for dear Ind,
We will live for people—
For the needy world.
And living for the world, leaving it
Two souls bound in one,
Shall be one with Him
From whom we come—
He the Supreme Light—the Source of all.

ODE TO IMAGINATION.

Sweet Lady! my Love!
In thy love
What happy days I pass
Sweet soother mine,
Nocturnal mate,
Kingdom great,
Possession priceless,
A ready friend at every call,
By thy charms
In thy arms,
I enjoy
Pleasure unseen, untold, eternal joy
More dear to me, than all the world combined.

In closet mine,
In noisy town,
In prison-house,
By thine aid my Love
I roam in woods,
I heavens search;

Like full-fledged bird I fly;
Any where, every where
I roam at will.

Celestial scenes,
Scenes rural all,
By poets sung,
By painters drawn,
In thy love, O love,
I daily do enjoy.

My lovely maid,
My only wealth,
At fountain of thy love
Let me drink—Let me drink!
That in thy love I may die
Not to be born again,
Any more—any more,
No more—No more,
My love.

EAST AND WEST.

(A REPLY TO MR. RUDYARD KIPLING).

East is east, and West is west,
Yet both have met,
In broad day light,
On the eastern soil.

Both have met;
The sun on eastern soil has set,
Or is in the skies
Giving light,—vigour—health,
Let some one say, from the west.

East and west have met;
Both too far yet they do meet;
Too for east is west;
And east and west have met.

The sun rises in the east, sets in the west;
And even there on the land comes night
Over which, the sun never sets.

II.

East and west have met; yet,
If east is east and still is east,
If west is west and still is west,
The one shall die—
The other fly.
For "East is east and West is west,
And the twain shall never meet"
What mournful numbers they!

Let people say what they want to say,
Let pressure of the press work,
Let those who want to fill their purse,
And those who can sing,
Unprophetic ideas nurse—
Nurse them for their ends,
Or through ignorance.

III.

Who can in the storm the peace foretell,
What ship-wrecked brave can say here is the shore?
How can those on the stage,
Say how they act?
Dim and turmoil slowly wakes our land,

But few are here who can the future tell,
Unless they can link
The present and the past,
And then the future think.

IV.

Black and white have met,
Let the white leave their boast,
Let their exclusiveness ;
Let the black leave their sloth,
Leave their seclusion.
Let both of them meet
At a meeting point.

As meets the sun darkness
Aud both of them do shine,
As meets the wife and the man,
As weds the heart with the head,
For mighty results rare,
East and West have met.

V.

West shall live, and East survive,
The white in black, the black in white.
Both will live and unite,

Shaking off their names,
Shaking off their forms,
Shall live as one family.
What is in a name?
What is black? what is white?
What is east? what is west?
Mere forms and names
That divide and keep away the right,
And in keeping away the right, keep away the might,
Let both unite as one,
For where the two unite
As man and wife,
The two are one for weal or woe,
Let the two unite,
Or both will die.
The two shall unite,
And live as one.
That's Heaven's wish.
This I see. This is not a dream.

MAKE ME FLY.

COME, come divine philosophy to make
Me mad, to frighten all the world, come wings
Of fancy free, to make me fly up in
The regions of the sky, There standing I
Self-sufficient, enjoying eternal bliss
That guileless soul and conscience clean impart,
And moving o'er the world but unconcerned—
Unconcerned oh I shall all vistas mark.
Vain shall the worldly magnet try ro draw,
Vain shall the glow of glitter try to please,
Vain shall the lower nature try to win,
Vain shall the heep of hopes glitter like gold.
Fly, fly, temptations low in twinkling fly,
High is my ambition, still higher goes,
I sick of world do daily more so grow,
I upwards fly, I fear no fall, my God.

*TANOO'S SONG FOR HIS SISTER.

I.

A CHILD, a youth, a saint, a sage,
And man of every mould,
Doth hold as can, in his mind's page
Yes ida some of God.

II.

See little Tanoo folds his hands,
And looks to heavens high,
As thinks his God—his Father, Friend,
As inmate of the sky.

III.

He prays to God, his heart is soft,
He even feels for dead;
His nature which is loving most,
Ee'en makes him tears shed,

* My little nephew, now a sunny lad of thirteen years, then a child of three.

IV.

He tears sheds—he looks up high,
He takes God to be there,
"My sister dear has gone in skies,
And is under Thy care.

V.

"Thou art in skies and she is there,
Pray give her back to me.
Why called away my sister fair,
My little toy, oh she?

VI.

"But oh, my God—oh Father mine,
I know her safe with Thee,
Let Thy pure light upon her shine
And always kinder be.

VII.

"Oh God, when thou send'st rains the next,
Pray send my sister back.
Will hold my hands to take her fain,
With joy that can not lack.

VIII.

" Send my sister back to me,
I feel her want the most.
And oh I know her safe with Thee,
To us alone she lost.

IX.

" To us alone now she is lost,
For ever not I know ;
She safe with Thee, Thou kind the most,
So send her soon below.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

THE sun doth set and ends the daily life,
To rise again with rising of the sun.
The sorrows, cares, the business of the day
And all its joys, as if utterly wiped
From page of mind, the man embraces close
The sleep, the gentle sleep—unconscions death.
And free from troubles all, all worries—thoughts,
Of passive life's experience he doth take.
Impressions all of day vanish for time
And all is joy, for what it is if not
Oblivion utter of temporal things.
But morrow comes; the sun doth back shine forth;
And wakes the man with impressions revived
Which worried him last day. Thus daily life
We take, and daily death we die. What doth
This teach? We embrace not the death, oh friend,
When dies our coil of clay! But that we merge
In rest for time and take another form,
With vital force the same, for dies not it,
For death can't be of things we can not see—
Past life's impressions all reviving back,
Like into those that we forget each night,
And once more grasp, on each successive day.

THE LORD MY LOVE.

A PSALM.

MY Lord is Love—
Absolute Love;
He loves all;
He is every-where—
Eternal, all-potent and wise,
One Lover—Love—one God.
Let me live in Thy Love, Lord—
The mighty Love, one Love for all,
That loving Thee I shall love all,
And loving all I shall love Thee more.
Let me live in Thy Love, Lord;
Let me be one with Thee.

ON LIBERTY.

Brutal force—beastial thing,
You means of tyrants, and Satan's instrument
Accursed en'my to liberty—
The bringer of wisdom, truth and joy,
Fly, fly, unnatural—artificial thing.

I am a lover of liberty,
My mind is set on liberty,
Which is the highest victory,
A means more victorious than the end.

Like the king of woods,
Like the sylvan birds,
Loving liberty,
I command not—obey not,
I wot no brutal force.

No hissings—abusings,
Threatnings—brow-beatings,
The use of canon—the use of bombs,
I am tyrant none,

Will never be,
And will suffer no tyranny.

From a beautiful mountain
The natural fountain
Of crystal flow,
Transparent clear,
Sweet and charming,
For use shall be utilised
By clearing the ground,
Levelling the mount,
And the element its own level finds.
Thanks to the element,
Thanks to the scientist,
Who knowing nature
Uses natural means,
And all nature favours him.

Liberty and freedom,
Great is your victory—
All-potent—eternal,
To us the boon of God below,
He never meant us to bondsmen be.

TWO EXTREME VIEWS.

PARTIAL is the vision of
The man who wildly runs
To kiss the rose, but does not feel
The pricking thorns,
That his fingers cut,
And his face to boot.
"Here are roses without thorns,"
Though thorns are there he feels them not.
They have cut his face,
Caught his coat;
Yet they are not!
The rose is his chase,
And in the race,
He minds no bruises—falls.

The other says "Where is the rose?
You say it is; I see it not;
If ere it was where is it now?
What I feel are thorns.

"The beauty is unseen by me,
'Tis not before mine eyes.

I feel not its odour; I hear the cries
Of many whom thorns have pricked.
"On the stem of life
I see no rose.
I see not its form—feel not its scent:
It is a bed of strife
And torture, being made of thorns."

Lift up your eyes, my dear friend;
As on the earth is paradise,
So on the thorny stem you see,
Stands the crowning rose.
Which if you see your eyes can find,
And if you think your mind can read.

Sir, sole lover of the rose,
Look down, survey and think,
Undoubted—acknowledged truth it is,
No roses without thorns.

ASCENT AND DESCENT.

THE Law allows
Nothing to stand still:
Like stagnation there is nil.
From bad to worse—good to better, a man still grows.

Nothing slumbers—nothing stands.
One grows worse if unmended are ways,
Up or down the hill, no stay;
Heaven or hell—one choice; no nay.
The spirit upward flies,
The Heaven is in the skies.
While gravity
Holds the flesh and blood,
To this earth
And even downward draws.

Down, deep and deep is hell,
How far none can tell,
Bottomless perdition,

Satan's creation
Downward draws the man,
Easily rolls he down,
Unconscious even at times.

Easy 'tis to fall,
To fly is hard;
Be bold and have a start,
Up and up ye go,
Or you downwards roll.
Ascent or descent,
Heaven or hell,
Is the Law.
At one place you can't for a moment dwell.

Heaven is in the skies,
And down deep is hell,
And our home is the middle place.

Ascend or descend,
Fly or fall,
The choice is thine.
Be wise and choose,
You gain or lose.
That's the Law.

HOPE AND PROGRESS.

IF you have a fall,
It is because you were not strong,
Or your ways were wrong.
Gather strength;
Your weakness know;
Wiser grow;
Try again.
Let the fall not frighten you.

Brave with a heart of grace,
Pursue your chase;
'Tis better to have fought and lost
Than never to have fought at all.

You fall to rise;
You daily wiser grow,
Even though you fall;
Thanks to that fall,
That like a teacher makes us brave,
Saving us in time—

Who lesson gives, our crime
Losing its grossness,
By our repenting its baseness—
Still makes us wise.
The soldier who fights and falls
Is brave;
Him God doth save;
For him is heaven,
So Scriptures say.

Men live by hopes,
By intuition,—
Inborn wisdom,
Natural lesson;
Yea, in hopes there is sublime truth.

Lose not hope,
There's no eternal hell.
If fall'st thou,
It is to rise.
If eternal is the hell
What's your heav'n?
What's your God?
Wherein His Justice lies?

Have hopes.
Struggle on though you pant,
Despond not though you fall,
In the heart let hopes dwell,
And the head shall work,
The arms shall gather strength,
The feet shall run,
Seeking Eternal Joy.

Fly on, O bird!
With the wings of hope.
That is Heaven's wish,
That is Heaven's Law.
Hope and progress,
Progress and hope.
Work! work! work!
God is Eternal Bliss,
Fix there thy goal.

MAYA SUTTEE.

O ye saints and *Sannyasins*
In your ardour to rise
Above all mortal snares,
Why *Maya* you abuse
The mother-nature of all?

Most powerful and ideal lady she,
Most chaste and greatest *Suttee* she,
Know her nature first,
See her scourse,
Mark her support—
Her Lord from whom she never separate lives.
Faithful to the core
To her husband the lord:
Para-Brahma -the source of all,
Without Him she never lives.

The second nature of her Lord,
Mahat Brahma,—whom sages call,

Untainted Brahma's Energy,—
To her Lord most faithful she;
Lives not without her Lord—
Greatest *Sutee* she.

With the husband lives the wife,
He who is her life,
The wife is her husband's support,
His very nature—very thought,
The lord and lady are one.

The two are one,
No difference discern;
The two are one,
No separation.
One unity
Of duality,

One union perfect.
Know thou that,
That's the truth,
So sageg say.
Om peace,—peace,—peace.

AN EVENING SCENE AT SANTA CRUZ.

One side the setting sun, the rising moon
On other side, in front palm trees, that stood
In close array, and formed a thickly bush,
That sure for sages suit'ble abode seemed.
No noise but that of rolling waves of sea,
And calm all else—every where was calm,
External Nature's beauty worked the calm,
And made me admire and revere God
The more and more. Say, what greater gifts can
The Sickly *Shettias*, hellish *Rajahs* give,
And noisy bustle teach, than that that's taught
By silent forces great of mighty God,
That make the day, that make the night,
That make us in amazing silence stand
With awe, that reverence doth inspire,
That vision charms and charms the soul indeed.
Such charming scene in front of me, where I
Though forlorn, feel to talk with God through
His creations on earth. To me indeed,

This is but priceless treasure great, that makes
Me rich the most, where rest do poor seem.
A happy scene—a mighty spell—a constant
friend—
A priceless purse—a teacher great—all, all
To me, to whom all else is naught; thank God.

IF THOU ART A ROSE.

SWEET maid !
I love the rose
On thy cheeks
I see the tinge of rose,
And for the time forget my rose.
Thy rosy cheeks,

Make me forget my rose ;
But O thou that seem'st a rose—
I love the rose
Not for its form—but for its soul.

Yet if thy rosy form
Has the rosy soul,
Do me tempt ; I will be thine,
And kissing thee—kissing the rose
I will give the rose a token
Of my love to thee—
O my rosy one.

BABIES.

SWEET-smiling babes,
Incarnate innocence on earth,
The father's pride—the mother's joy,
In families you like roses smile—
Making those that see your face and kiss,
Smile, forgetting self—all happy at the time.

Your causeles smile, your causeless cry,
Your indistinct and broken words,
Are our studied joy.

Uncrowned kings of all you see,
Caring not a jot for kings,
You are a source of equal bliss
To the rich—to the poor.

Easy to fret—hard to please,
Pleasing others being pleased,

Sweet sunshine of family,
We welcome—your abuse,
Your iusult is a fun,
And all the troubles that you give
Are a labour of love.

Blessed with you, blessed is the home,
And in the homes with simple smiles,
You teach hard men,
True lesson of innocence.

TO THE QUEEN OF MY HEART, MY MAINA.

BEAUTIFUL sky
Lovely stars,
And Lady Moon's enchanting charms—
A lovely face
Of matchless grace,
In comely garb
Artistically set,
Are spells that come with night.

II.

But oh my spell,
In sooth I tell,
Thy moon-like face
Thy cloudy hair,
Thy *saree* set with golden stars,
Make thee my moon,

More dear to me than the queen of night,
Thou who art the queen by night—
The queen by day,
Of my spell-struck heart.

III.

In thy face I see the moon,
In thy heart her calm,
By day and night enchanting balm
That cools the heart by night and day.

IV.

Fickle is the moon of sky,
Just now high in light,
And ere long out of sight
With daily fading grace,
Waxing—waning,
Waning—waxing,
Fickle, fading, never at stay.

V.

But thou my moon
Art ever with me,
By morn and noon,
By eve and night,
In my sight and in my mind—
My better-half—my queen of heart,
Whose lovely light
Is ever bright,
In grace of heart,
Now and ever with me,
Two souls bound in one,
Pilgrims on the earth.

IN AND OUT THE CREEDS.

A PSALM.

I like Solomon for his songs,
I like him for his proverbs.
I sing sweet psalms of David the saint,
I feel within the light of Christ,
Buddha's charity I love;
I love him for his love of us;
I love his life; I feel its force;
And all within is love.
I love the saintly Zoroaster
For his little—mighty say—

Good thoughts—good words—good deeds:

A simple say, a mighty truth.
Live up to it, live for the Lord—
Live for the Lord—He is ever nigh.
Arjuna, I love thee and thy Lord—

Lord Krishna the mighty teacher great;
I read his sacred-song and feel
Within my breast His love—His might—
The Supreme Light that's my birthright.

O God, thou art everywhere,
Within and without;
In the creeds and outside them
I feel One God, I learn One Law.
O my God, thou art everywhere,
Thou art the Soul of all the souls

THE MEETING.

A PSALM.

ON the throne of Heavens,
Sat my Heavenly Love;
And I by Her foot-stool sat,—
Looking at Her face in full flow of love.
Her face was like the spotless sun;
In Her eyes there was mercy all;
She showed me love by Her sweet glance,
In Her I found my joy.
From Her lips sweet nectar flowed;—
I heard it, and in my heart
There was light—celestial bright,
Which made me pure once for all.
Nursed by the milk from her breast,
The milk of forgiveness
I grew very healthy strong.
I thus sat by my Love,
In Her full grace and love;
I kissed Her and She kissed me,
And we two grew in one.

THE LIMITATIONS.

GOD is everywhere,
And in flesh and blood—
The prison-house,
We are partial gods.

What is God?
He is Eternal Truth;
Everywhere for ever;
And our truth—
Is a partial vision,
A mere division
Of the Whole, according to our lights.

Thou art Eternal Light;
We are broken lights from Thee;
And as such we all things see,
By *our* mind—by *our* sight.

Our lights are lanterns;
But thy Light the Sun.
Sum up all the divisions;
And all these make but One.

Thou art Eternal Energy,
Every where present and free;
We are atoms of the whole;
And we all atoms make but Thee;
Thou art Truth; thou art Light;
Eternal all-potent Thou art;
We are Thy pigmy kith and kin,—
Thy flesh and blood, though seem apart.
We seem apart; yet are one—
One and same with Thee.
Break up the shell, O bird, be free,
And thou art what He is,
What thou ever was't—
Though in the prison-house.

II

Break up the prison-house.
The limits break up,
O thou limitless
In the limits.

Break up—break up,
  Once for ever,
Illusions of thy mind—
  The supposed jails;
And with the Limitless
  Be in tune;
For thou art so
  Ever and ever.
Shanti, Om, Peace.

THE PAIRS OF OPPOSITES.

WHAT is woe to him who has no joy;
What is pain to him who pleasures shuns;
He who doth not laugh doth not weep;
He who takes no birth has no death.
Virtue and vice,
Good and ill,
Birth and death,
Poverty and wealth,
Are inseparable twins;
The latter from the former come,
One with the other, they in twain do go.
Evolution—revolution,
Revolution—Evolution,
Chaos—kosmos,
Kosmos—chaos,
Day and night,
One another succeed;
From one the other comes.

'Tis the opposing force
That sets the course,
Of the wheel of world agoing.
How can progress be,
If there's no enemy;
With whom to fight,
No vict'ry—no defeat,
And out of darkness, we in light can go!

He who has the one must the other share,
These opposites come in pairs,
He who has the good must the evil share;
No escape if you have the one.
Kill thou the one and the other dies;
If there is no tide there is no ebb;
And all is rest—
Eternal rest
When the pairs are killed
That's the truth,
Know thou that.

IN THE SEARCH.

A PSALM.

WITHIN me there was darkness,
I went in search of Light.
I searched the creeds,
I searched the faiths,
I searched the churches
I searched the schools,
I searched the woods,
I searched the earth,
I heavens searched—
All to purpose none.

One night I prayed to God and slept,
I waked and there was joy,
I saw the shining beams of sun,
And there was joy within.
I felt the light within myself
And found it everywhere.
Thanks my God to Thee,
My Lord—my Friend—My Love
Whom I see everywhere,
Everywhere—everywhere.

THE TWO BIRDS.

(FROM THE MUNDAKA UPNISHAD).

ON the creation-tree
Two birds perch, the one of lustre
bright,
Master of senses having celestial sight,
Golden-winged,
In full majesty,
On the highest top
/ The seer—the witness sits—
He the untainted Brahma the source of all.

The other one from branches here and there
Deluded flies,
Now laughs, now cries,
Ignorant blind and passions' slave;
It flies knowing no rest.
Tasting different fruits,
Tasting—repenting,

Experience gathering,
Gathers heart of grace
On seeing its friend
Enjoying eternal bliss—Eternal Bliss itself.
Then leaving off the fruits
Sweet and bitter,
Virtue and vice,
Joy and woe,
Goes to the goal
Becoming one with the beautiful bird—
The minor soul kissing the Major one
Never again—never again,
Shaking off the pairs
(Being one with Him)
Down Falls the bird, to taste the mortal fruit.
Fix there thy goal:
Om tat—sat—om.

THE CONQUEST.

BOUNDLESS space,
Limitless canopy,
The King of day,
The airy regions vast,
The mounts and hills,
The downs and dales,
The natural lake just nigh my feet,
The sweet birds twittering
In the farms carpeted with verdure green,
With one glance I see.

Far from the town,
Without cares, without wants,
The uncrowned monarch of these regions all
With rival none,
In majesty full I sit.

Unseemingly connected all of them,
Conduct to me messages rare.
From the heavens high,
From the source of lustre bright,
From the airy regions vast,
From the mountains high, the running brooks,
From the beautiful lake by me,
And the gardens green.

On my balloon I fly at will,
And all my regions see.
The grosser—subtler regions I command,
Passing above them
I come in contact with the Infinite Light.

THE MASTER.

Thou art master, thou the lord
My soul, thou art no slave.
This is the truth, don't droop my heart
Gather heart of grace.

Gather heart of grace, my heart,
My heart, thou art my slave.
Revolting mind be quiet, calm,
Obedient to the voice
Of thy master, of thy lord—
The Soul the real I,
And his pardon crave.
I am not a slave,
I am the master, am the lord
I who come from God.

I come from God, that is my source,
Am one from supreme Light.
My nature own I shan't forget
But stainless like the sun—

The master, lord.
Untainted, pure,
Giving others light,
Making darkness bright.
Oh my God, give me light to live.
Thy light is everywhere
Within and without.
It is my soul; it is the soul
Of the worlds, so sages shout.
Let me be in tune with Thee
Let me be in tune with myself
One master—one lord.

THE EVENING TWILIGHT.

BEAUTIFUL twilight of the eve—
Enchanting beauty,
Heaven's glory,
Bringer of rest—peace and joy
Hail, Hail to thee,
Hail—Hail.

Loved by all, O happy time,
In the churches sweet bells chime,
In the *Mandirs* bells do loudly ring,
In the *Musjids Mullahs* loudly call
The pious to pray,
Under thy peaceful canopy.

Peace and rest—rest and peace
In thy train
Dwell everywhere,
From pal'ces high to humble huts—
When the Creator's glory visible is
In the heavens high.

The holy Brahmins mutter sacred *mantr's*:
The pious Parsees—
Worship the setting sun:
The faithful Moslems humbly kneeling down,
Are busy at *Namaz*.

The birds returning to their nests,
In prayers loud singing out their songs
Are the moving chords on Nature's lyre,
Busy at which I my prayers send,
And all to me do seem
Raising chorus one,
Forgetting themselves.

Time between day and night,
Waking and slumber deep,
The state of dreams
Thou art to me when I dream
Many a heavenly dream—
Inspiration rare.
Not so hot as day,
Not so cold as night,
Inspiring, invigorating time,
The setting Sun,
The rising Moon,

And faintly visible stars,
Viewing all the glories these,
In thy calmness I bathe
For my prayers at night,
When I have,
The heaven my rosary,
Of which the stars are beads and moon
the crowning bead,
Each in its self vis'ble glory of God :
God Himself in so many shapes ;
And where again
The oneness of His Might is seen,
Invis'ble one in various vis'ble forms ;
I see Him on this very earth,
My eyes see Him,
My mind reads Him,
And my soul kisses the Supreme Soul
Which ever are one.

Om tat—sat—om—

THE DEDICATION SERVICE.

A PSALM.

ONE God thou art, One Heart of all;
Thou dwellest in my heart;
O God, Thou art the Soul of all;
My own soul Thou art.

Thou art within; Thou art without;
In the spaceless space Thou art,—
Eternal, All-potent and Wise,—
One Source of all—One Support.

Above the space, below the space,
All through the spaceless space,
Unseen I see Thy temple God;
We in Thy temple play my Lord.

Thy temple is everywhere;
Thy temple is in my heart;
I see Thee within myself; I see
Thee without; all are Thy parts.

One Source of all—Thou One Support;
The cause and end of all,
We come from Thee; we live in Thee;
We merge in Thee—One Lord.

One God, One Law, One single Faith;
True love for Thee—true love for all.
One code of right—celestial sight
Teach me, I pray, my God.

Let our lives, by day and night,
Let our thoughts—words—deeds,
Our every breath, our every step,
Be faithful prayers meet.

Grand Dedication is Thy Law,
One selfless Sacrifice.
Teach all of us the Law, O God,
That I may dedicate—
That all may dedicate,
Their lives to Thee, and join
In Temple One, at Altar one,
In Prayer One,—One Sacrifice.

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